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36. from Reichen

280

d. 356

6/10





PATHETIC ODES.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S DOG THUNDER,
AND THE WIDOW'S PIGS—A TALE:

THE POOR SOLDIER OF TILBURY FORT:

ODE TO CERTAIN FOREIGN SOLDIERS:

ODE TO EASTERN TYRANTS:

THE FROGS AND JUPITER—A FABLE:

THE DIAMOND PIN AND CANDLE—A FABLE:

THE SUN AND THE PEACOCK—A FABLE.

BY *PETER PINDAR*, ESQ.

Far off the HERO *bleeds* in Brighton Wars,
At least his Horse's *ribs* so glorious bleed ;
Where, nobly daring danger, death, and fears,
He flies and rallies on his bounding steed !

L O N D O N :

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL]



NOTE on the word Bolting, in page 43, line 8.

A term to be found in the HAMPSHIRE DICTIONARY, implying a rapid deglutition of bacon, without the *sober ceremony* of mastication. It is, moreover, to be observed, that Hampshire servants, who are *bacon-bolters*, have always less wages than *bacon-chewers*.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO HIS GRACE

The DUKE of RICHMOND.

SIR,

YOUR GRACE's well-known accomplishments; your GRACE's well-known liberality; your GRACE's well-known intrepidity; your GRACE's well-known love of sham-fights; your GRACE's well-known rage for Public Liberty; your GRACE's well-known political œconomy; your GRACE's well-known private œconomy; and last, though not least, your GRACE's well-known Christian-like benevolence to objects of charity; form such a constellation of virtues as must inspire every Author with an ambition of dedicating his labours to so splendid a character. Flies are fond of the sun.

B.

The

The great displeasure lately given by your GRACE
to their *High Mightinesses Messieurs* PITT and DUNDAS,
and *one or two* more whom we forbear to mention,
has spurred the Muse to take the part of exalted
Merit, defend you with her Ægis against the united
wishes of a whole kingdom, and endeavour to restore
your GRACE to a *firm seat* on that high-mettled war-
horse, ORDNANCE, on which your GRACE seems to sit
so *dangerously loose*.

I am, your GRACE's, &c.

P. PINDAR

O D E.

The Poet giveth PHILOSOPHY's modest and sublime picture of INFINITY, a picture damned by the GREAT FOLK of the present day.—PETER maketh a most sagacious discovery of a connexion never thought of before, viz. between FOLLY and GRANDEUR.—He talketh of wisdom, and abuseth the blindness of the Vulgar.—He talketh of FLATTERY.—He plumply contradicteth the Vulgar, and advanceth unanswerable reasons.—He descanteth on MIND and BODY, proving that a horsewhip is as necessary for the one as the other.—The wise and elegant Speech of the 'SQUIRE, or Elder Brother.—The Poet discovereth Distance to be the parent of Admiration, and confuteth the opinion of MOB, by a pantomimical illustration.—PETER attacketh many GREAT MEN, most aptly making use of a wind-mill and a warming-pan.—He selecteth one Great and-Good Mán from the herd of bad.

THOUGH huge to *us* this flying World appears,
And *great* the bustle of a thousand years ;
How *small* to HIM who form'd the VAST of nature !
One trembling drop of animated water !*

“ What are we ?—Reptiles claiming PITY's sigh,

“ Though in our own conceits so fiercely stout ;

“ Nay,

* Consult the wonders of the microscope.



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St. from Metairie

280

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Ye VULGAR cry, " GREAT MEN are wond'rous wise"—

Whoever told you so, told arrant lies:

It cannot be.—Not be ! why ?—Hear me, pray,

They are so dev'lish *lazy*, let me say.

The Mind wants lusty flogging to be *great*:

To use a vulgar phrase, " The Mind must *sweat*."

Now men of worship will *not* sweat the Mind ;

Meat, clothes, and pleasure, come *without*, they find.

What man would make a drayhorse of the soul,

To drag from SCIENCE's hard quarry, stone,

Who really wanteth nothing from the hole—

A toil which therefore may be let alone ?

Th' idea seems so wond'rously *uncouth*,

As maketh ev'ry Elder Brother *start* ;

Who

Who openeth thus, his widely-grinning mouth,

“ Fine fun indeed for *me* to drag a *cart* !

“ Let *younger brothers* join it, if they please,

“ Old SQUARE-TOES, thank my God, has caught *my* fleas.”

Suppose ye want a fine strong fellow ?—speak,

Where for this fine strong fellow would ye seek ?

“ Seek ! seek a drayman,” with one voice ye cry ;

“ A chairman or a ploughman to be sure ;

“ Men who a constancy of toil endure,

“ Such are the fellows that we ought to try.”

This then is granted—well then, don't ye find

Some likeness 'twixt the *body* and the *mind* ?

Distance has wonderful effects indeed !

But, Sirs, this is not ev'ry body's creed :

MOB

MOB is not in the secret—that's the case :
 MOB deemeth great men Gods!—yes, ev'ry where,
 Far off, or near :
 Now let a short remark or two take place.

First, I assure you that things are not *so* ;
 By G—d, they are *not* Gods.—I pray ye, go
 To pantomimes, where fine cascades, and fields,
 And rocks, a huge delight to WONDER yields :

Approach them—what d'ye find the frowning rocks ?
 Lord ! what imagination really shocks !

Black pairs of breeches, scarcely worth a groat :
 What are the fields so flourishing ? green bays,
 The objects of your most astonish'd gaze :

What the cascade ? a tinsel petticoat,
 And tinsel gown upon a windlass turning,
 The fields and rocks so *nat'rally* adorning.

Great

Great men, I've said it, often are great fools,

Great fycophants, great swindlers, and great knaves ;

Too often bred in TYRANNY's dark schools,

Happy to see the under-world their slaves.

Great men, at *diff'rent* times, are *diff'rent* too ;

More so when int'rest is the game in view.

A windmill and a warming-pan, no doubt,

Are most unlike each other in their nature ;

Yet, trust me, the same man, *in* place and *out*,

Is to the full as opposite a creature.

Yet *some* great men are good !—and, by mischance,

Their eyes on mis'ry will not always glance :

As, for example, RICHMOND's glorious GRACE,

A Duke of most *unquestionable* merit,

With Merc'ry's cunning, and dread Mars's spirit,

Who took the ORDNANCE, a tremendous place !

D

This

This DUKE of THUNDER is for ever *spying* ;

To find out objects of sheer merit, trying :

How happy too if objects of *distress* !

Thus is his GRACE of Guns ador'd by all ;

For this, where'er he rides, both great and small,

Him and his horse, with eyes uplifted, blefs.

This TURENNE* would be forry, very forry,

Should *one* pale form of want his eye escape :

“ No,” cries his Grace, “ MISFORTUNE shall not worry,

Whilst *I* a fixpence for the poor can scrape.”

How much like MAJESTY in Windsor town,

Hunting for PITY's objects up and down !

Yet since distress *has* 'scap'd his GRACE's eye,

The Muse o'er TILB'RY FORT shall breathe a sigh.

* A French General, of the last century, possessed of the sublimest qualities.

Yet ere on TILB'RY FORT we drop a tear,

Lo, with a tale we treat the public ear,

Relate a pretty story of his GRACE :—

Much will the tale his GRACE's soul display—

Happ'ning ('tis faid) at Goodwood on a day—

'Twill put a smile or tear on ev'ry face.

The

The DUKE of RICHMOND's Dog THUNDER,

AND

The WIDOW's PIGS.

The Dame's whole fortune lodged in the Sow.—Her joy on the Sow's lying-in.—The Duke's dog THUNDER much like Courtiers.—THUNDER killeth the young Pigs, yet surpasseth Courtiers in Modesty.—The Sow cryeth out—the Dame joineth the Sow in her exclamations.—The old Steward cometh forth at the cry of the Sow and Widow, and uttereth a most pathetic exclamation.—A sensible dissertation on the different species of compassion.—The Dame's piteous address to his GRACE.—His GRACE's humane and generous answer.

A DAME near Goodwood, own'd a Sow, her all,

Which *nat'rally* did into travail fall,

And brought forth many a comely son and daughter ;

On which the Widow wond'rousfly was glad,

Caper'd and fung, as really she were mad—

But TEARS oft hang upon the heels of LAUGHTER.

At Goodwood dwelt the Duke's great dog, call'd THUNDER,

A dog, like courtiers, much inclin'd to plunder ;

This

This dog, with courtier-jealousy so bitter,
Beheld the sweetly-snuffling sportive litter.

Bounce ! without “by your leave,” or least harangue,
Upon this harmless litter, THUNDER sprang,
And murder’d brothers, sisters, quick as thought ;
Then sneak’d away, his tail between his *rear*,
Seeming ashamed—unlike great courtiers here,
Who (Fame reporteth) are ashamed of nought.

The childless Sow set up a shriek so loud !
All her sweet babies ready for the shroud ;
Now chac’d the rogue that such sad mischief work’d :
Out ran the DAME—join’d MISTRESS Sow’s shrill cries ;
Burst was at once the bag that held her sighs,
And all the bottles of her tears uncork’d.

E

“ Oh !

“ Oh ! the Duke’s dog has ruin’d me outright ;

“ Oh ! he hath murder’d all my pretty pigs.”

Forth march’d the Steward grey, with lifted fight,

And lifted hands, good man, and cry’d “ Odsnigs !”

Word of surprife ! which, with a plaintive tone,

And rueful countenance, and hollow groan,

Did seem like *pity* also, for her case :

Yet what’s *Odsnigs*, or moan, or groan, or sighs,

Unhelp’d, by FAMINE if the object *dies* ?

Or what a yard of methodistic face ?

Compassions differ very much, we find ;

One deals in *sighs*—now sighs are merely *wind* ;

Another only good advice affords,

Instead of alms—now this is only *words* ;

Another cannot bear to *see* the poor,

So orders the pale beggar from the door.

Now

Now *that* compassion is the best, I think,
 (But, ah ! the human foul it rarely graces)
Instead of groans, which giveth meat and drink ;
 Off'ring *long* purses too, instead of faces.

But, MUSE, we drop DOG, DUKE, and SOW, and DAME,
 To follow an old pitiful remark ;
Like wanton spaniels that desert the game,
 To yelp and course a butterfly or lark.

Now to his GRACE the howling Widow goes,
Wiping her eyes so red, and flowing nose.

“ Oh ! please your Grace, your Grace's dev'lish dog,
 “ THUNDER's confounded wicked chops,
 “ Have murder'd all my beauteous hopes—
“ I beg your Grace will pay for ev'ry hog.”

What

What answer gave his GRACE ?—With placid brow,

“ Don’t cry,” quoth he, “ and make so much foul
weather—

“ Go home, DAME, and when Thunder eats the *sow*,

“ I’ll pay for all the *family* together.”

ODE

O D E

T O A

POOR SOLDIER of TILBURY FORT.

The Poet pronounceth the very great thyness subsisting between MERIT and MONEY.—MERIT's connexion with Poverty, and the consequence.—Attack on FORTUNE.—Address to the poor SOLDIER.—He pitieth the poor Soldier's pitiable fate—his ragged coat, hungry stomach, and want of fire.—His companions on the mud.—PETER smileth at the hubbub made on account of a shot-hole in the little coat of a great PRINCE, a remnant of glory that may probably add another ray to the lustre of SAINT PAUL's.—PETER most pathetically enquireth for his GRACE—proclaimeth him to be at Brighton, most heroically engaged.—The different amusements of his GRACE at Brighton, awake and asleep. Crumbs of consolation to the poor Soldier.

MERIT and **MONEY** very seldom meet !

Form'd for each other, they should oftener greet ;

Indeed *much* oftener should be seen together :

But **MONEY**, vastly shy, doth keep aloof ;

Thus **POVERTY** and **MERIT** beat the hoof,

Expos'd, poor souls, to ev'ry kind of weather.

F

Thus

Thus as a greyhound is meek MÉRIT lean,

So flamemakin, *untidy*, ragged, mean,

Her garments all so shabby and unpinn'd ;

But look at FOLLY's fat Dutch lubber CHILD ;

How on the tawdry cub has FORTUNE *smil'd*,

When with contempt the GODDESS should have *grinn'd*!

So much for preamble, and now for THEE,

Whose state forlorn, his GRACE could never *see*.

Poor SOLDIER, after many a dire campaign,

Drawn mangled from the gory hills of slain,

Perhaps the foul of Belisarius *thine* ;

Why with a tatter'd coat along the shore,

Where OCEAN seems to heave a pitying roar,

Why do I see thee thus neglected pine ?

Poor

Poor wretch ! along the sands condemn'd to go,

And join a hungry dog, or famish'd cat,

A pig, a gull, a cormorant, a crow,

In quest of crabs, a muscle, or a sprat !

Now, at NIGHT's awful, pale, and silent noon,

Along the beach I see thee lonely creep,

Beneath the passing solitary moon,

A spectre stealing 'mid the world of sleep.

Griev'd at thy channell'd cheek, and hoary hair,

And quiv'ring lip, I mark thy famish'd form,

And hollow jellied orbs that dimly stare,

Thou piteous pensioner upon the storm.

The MUSE's handkerchief shall wipe thine eye,

And bring sweet HOPE to sooth the mournful sigh.

Deserted

Deserted Hero ! what ! condemn'd to pick,
 With wither'd, palfy'd, shaking, wounded hand,
 Of wrecks, alas ! the melancholy stick,
 Thrown by the howling tempest on the strand ?

Glean'd with the very hand that grasp'd the sword,
 To guard the throne of BRITAIN'S SACRED LORD !
 While COWARDICE at home, from danger shrinks,
 And on an Empire's vitals eats and drinks.

Heav'ns ! let a spent and rambling shot
 Touch but a *Prince's* hat or coat,
 Expanded are the hundred mouths of FAME ;
 Whilst braver thousands (but *untitled* wretches),
 Swept by the sword, shall drop like paltry vetches,
 Their fate unpitied, and unheard their name !

Poor

Poor Soldier ! is that stick to make a fire,
 To warm thyself, and wife, and children dear ?
 Where is the goodly Duke—of Coals the 'SQUIRE,
 Whose heart hath melted oft at MIS'RY's tear ?

Sad vet'ran ! is that *coat* thy ragged ALL ?
 Sport of the faucy winds and foaking rain !
 For *this* has COURAGE fac'd the flying ball ?
 For *this* has bleeding Brav'ry press'd the plain ?

Where is the Man who mocks the grin of Death,
 Turns Bagshot pale, and frightens Hounslow Heath ?

Far off, alas ! HE bleeds in Brighton wars ;
 At least his horse's ribs so glorious *bleed* ;
 Where, nobly daring danger, death, and scars,
 He flies and rallies on his bounding steed.

There too his GRACE may wield his happy pen,
 To prove that truly great and valiant men
 In idle duels never should engage,
 But nurse for dread Reviews their godlike rage.

Far off, the HERO, in his tent reclin'd,
 Where high and mighty meditations suit,
 On leather, leather, turns his lofty mind,
 To make a cannon of an old jack boot !

Great geniuses, how loftily they jump !

Lord ! what his rapture when he deigns to ride !
 To feel beneath his GRACE's gracious rump,
 An eighteen-pounder in his horse's hide !

There too, to Barracks, fir'd in FREEDOM's cause,
 And to Mount Wyse,* his lyre the HERO tunes ;

There

* A place near Plymouth Dock, on which the national treasure has been so *wisely* expended for the *innumerable conveniencies* of his brother Lennox.

There too the pow'r of doting FANCY draws

The Royal George to fight by air-balloons.*

This, FANCY's pow'r most easily can dare—

By FANCY's pow'r the royal ship may rise,
Borne by her bladders through the fields of air,
Just like a twig, by rooks, along the skies.

There too, at midnight drear, the HERO schemes

'Midst hum and snore of troops, for England's good ;
Explores machines of death in happy dreams,
For hills of bones, and cataraets of blood.

There, like King Richard, whom the Furies rend,

He bustles in his sleep, and starts, and turns ;
Now grasps the sword, and now a candle end,
That, blazing like himself, beside him burns.

Thus,

* This was actually proposed by his GRACE, with every sanguine idea of success.

Thus, 'mid his tent reclin'd, the GODLIKE MAN
 Vast schemes in flumber spins for England's sake ;
 " And lo," quoth FAME, " his Godlike Grace can plan
 " As wisely in his sleep, as when awake."

When, with his host, CALIGULA came over,
 No matter where—for rhyme-sake call it *Dover*—
 What were the trophies hence to Rome he bore ?
 Of paltry perriwinkles just a score !

But RICHMOND from his Brighton wars shall bring
 Life to the State, and safety to a King !

Blest Man ! from Brighton field, with laurels crown'd,
 He triumphs up to town without a wound ;*
 From Brighton wars, that witness'd not a corse !
 Most lucky, losing neither man nor horse !

Thus

* The Poet seems to have forgotten himself: his motto talks a different language: but the *quidlibet audendi* belongs as much to P. P. as to every other poet.

Thus then, O SOLDIER, distance hides his GRACE ;

Thus is the sun, at times, of clouds the sport :

Yet soon the glories of his Lordship's face

Shall, like a comet, blaze o'er TILB'RY FORT.

There shall the MUSE thy piteous tale unfold,

Gain thee a coat, and coals, to kill the cold ;

Nay, fat shall swim upon thy meagre porridge :

The sympathizing DUKE her tale will hear,

And drop, at sound of coat and coals, a tear—

For RICHMOND'S *bounty* equals RICHMOND'S *courage*.

A N
O D E
T O
CERTAIN FOREIGN SOLDIERS
I N
CERTAIN P A Y.

A complimentary address to the soldiers.—Wholesome advice.—PETER draweth a natural and pathetic picture of poor LITTLE LOUIS, reported to have been disgracefully put an apprentice to a Cobbler.—The insilence and cruelty of his master the COBBLER.—The COBBLER blasphemously abuseth TITLE.—The little COBBLER KING cryeth.—Sensible reflexion on the genius of Kings, with a lick at the French Convention, and also at his own stupidity.—PETER supplicateth for the little LOUIS.—Adviseeth the Soldiers to a bold action.—Enquireth of Soldiers who is to receive their Death-money.—PETER comforteth, and reconcileth them to Death.

PETER bleisseth the King and the War, and curseth REFORM, a word in the mouths of Mr. PITT and the DUKE OF RICHMOND before they got into office.—PETER adviseeth more taxes, for a weighty political reason, videlicet, on account of the impudence of a NATION, which always increaseth in an insufferable ratio, with riches.

YE Heroes, from your wives and turnips far,
Who wage so gloriously the *flying* war,
I give you joy of hand and leg-endeavour ;
And though ye sometimes chance to run away,
The generous GENERAL MURRAY's pleas'd to say,
" 'Tis very great indeed—'tis vastly clever."

O cut the Frenchmen's throats, the restless dogs !

O with the tiger's gripe upon them spring !

A pack of vile, degrading, horrid hogs ;

To make a dirty cobbler of a King !

See *fool-propp'd* MAJESTY the leather spread ;

Behold its pretty fingers wax the thread,

And now the leather on the lapstone, hole ;

Now puts his Majesty the bristle in,

Now wide he throws his arms with milk-white skin,

And now he spits and hammers on the sole.

And now a rascal, christen'd SANS-CULOTTE,

Leers on the window of his shed, and lo,

He bawls (without of awe a fingle jot)

“ Come, Master King—quick, firrah, mend my shoe.”

And see ! the *shoe* the little Monarch takes,

And lo, at ev'ry stitch with fear he quakes.—

Such

Such is of *Liberty* the blessed fruit !

The name *Licentiousness* would better suit.

Behold SAINT CRISPIN's picture, strange to tell,

The low-life cobbler's tutelary Saint,

Of little LOUIS deck the dirty cell ;

How diff'rent from the lofty LOUVRE's paint !

See ! his hard Master catches up the strap,

And lashes the young King's poor back and side—

How ! flog his MAJESTY !—for what mishap ?

Ye Gods ! because he spoil'd a bit of hide !

Hear, hear the cruel tyrant thus exclaim !

“ Sirrah, there's nothing in a lofty name ;

“ 'Tis all mere nonsense, sound, and stuff together :

“ Don't think, because thy ancestors, so *great*,

“ Have to a paring brought a glorious State,

“ I give thee leave to spoil a piece of leather.”

And

And now behold the little tears, like peas,
 Course o'er his tender cheek in silence down ;
 And now, with bitter grief, he feels and sees
 The diff'rence 'twixt a stirrup and a crown.

Folly ! to make a *cobbler* of a *King* !
 'Tis such a piece of madness, to my mind !
 What could CONVENTION hope from such a thing ?
 The race is fit for nothing—of the kind.

Heav'ns ! then how dull I am ! It was disgrace
 France meant to put upon the royal race ;
 “ Aye, and disgrace upon the *Cobbler* too,”
 Most impudently roars the MAN OF SHOE.

O from the lapstone fet the Monarch free ;
 O snatch the stirrup from his royal knee ;

I

Pull

Pull the hand-leather off, and seize the awl,
Seize too the hammer that his fingers gall.

Soldiers ! to Paris rush—strike ROBESPIERRE,
Knock DANTON down, and crucify BARRERE ;
Crush the vile egg from which the Serpent springs,
To dart th' envenom'd fang at sacred KINGS.

O soldiers, whose your skin-money, I pray ?

At thirty guineas each—how dear your hides !
Much should I like the contract, let me say :
Thrice lucky ROGUE, that o'er your lives presides !

Then pray don't grumble, Sirs, should ye be *shot*,
That is to say, if ye desire to *thrive* ;
For know, if death should prove your lucky lot,
You're worth a vast *deal* more than when *alive*.

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T.

Now God blefs our good King, and this good war,

And d-mn that wicked word we call REFORM ;

Breeding in Britain fo much horrid jar,

So witch-like, conj'ring up a dangerous ftorm !

Yet in the mouths of PITT and RICHMOND'S LORD,

Once what a sweet and inoffensive word !

Thus proving the delightful proverb true,

“ What's meat to *me*, may poison be to *you*.”

And now God blefs once more good Mifter PITT,

Who for *invention* beats nineteen in twenty ;

And may this Gentleman's moft ready wit

Supply the nation all with taxes plenty ;

And as the kingdom has unclench'd its fift,

Pick out a few odd pence for Civil Lift.

We

We are too rich—Dame FORTUNE grows too faucy ;
Wealth is inclin'd to be confounded *brassy*.

War is a wholesome blister for the back ;
Draining away the humours all so *gross* ;
Else would the Empire be of guts a sack—
A Falstaff—woolpack—an unwieldy Joss.

War yieldeth such rare spirits to a nation !
Giving the blood so brisk a circulation !
A kingdom, and a poet, and a cat,
Should never, never, never be *too fat*.

ODE

O D E.

CATS *and* PRINCES *very much alike.*

“ A CAT who from a window peepeth *out*,
 “ Is very like a CAT who peepeth *in*”—
 Thus is it said—and he who is no lout,
 Knoweth that *Cats* are unto *Men* akin.

For PRINCES looking *up* towards a throne,
 Are very much like PRINCES looking *down* ;
 That is, love pow’r, love wealth, have great propensities,
 Sublimely dealing ever in *immensities*.

PRINCES have *clawing* passions too, I ween—
 Yes, many a *foreign* King and *foreign* Queen ;
 With stomachs wide too as a whale’s, or wider :
 The subject and a king, in *foreign* land,
 I often have been giv’n to understand,
 Are a poor JACK-ASS and his RIDER.

ODE TO TYRANTS.

PETER, with his poetical broomstick, belaboureth foreign Tyrants.—
 Taketh the part of the oppressed POOR.—Asketh Tyrants knotty and
 puzzling questions.—Giveth a speech of CATO.—PETER seriously
 informeth them that they are not like the LORD.—PETER taketh a
 survey of the furniture of their heads.—PETER solemnly declareth that
 the MILLION doth not like to be ridden.—Giveth an insolent speech of
 Tyrants, and calleth them Highwaymen.—The TAYLOR and the
 Satin Breeches.—The SHOEMAKER and the Shoes.—PETER lamenteth
 that there should be some who think it a sin to resist Tyrants.—
 Adviseeth them to read ÆSOP'S fables.

*W*HO, and what are ye, sceptred bullies?—speak,

That millions to *your* will must bow the neck,

And, ox-like, meanly take the galling yoke?

Philosophers your ignorance despise ;

E'en FOLLY, laughing, lifts her maudlin eyes,

And freely on your *wisdoms* cracks her joke.

How dare ye on the men of labour tread,

Whose honest toils supply your mouths with bread ;

Who,

Who, groaning, sweating, like so many hacks,
 Work you the very cloaths upon your backs?
 Cloaths of *calamity*, I fear,
 That hold in ev'ry stitch a tear.

Who sent you?—Not the Lord who rules on high,
 Sent you to MAN on *purpose* from the sky,
 Because of *wisdom* it is not a *proof*:
 Show your credentials, Sirs:—if ye refuse,
 Terrific Gentlemen, our smiles excuse,
 BELIEF most certainly will keep aloof.

Old virtuous rugged CATO, on a day,
 Thus to the SOOTHSAYERS was heard to say,
 “ AUGURS ! by all the Gods it is a shame
 “ To gull the mole-ey'd million at this rate ;
 “ Making of gaping blockheads such a game,
 “ Pretending to be hand and glove with FATE !

“ On

“ On guts and garbage when ye meet,
 “ To carry on the holy cheat,
 “ How is it ye preserve that solemn grace,
 “ Nor burst with laughter in each other’s face ?”

Thus to your courtiers, SIRS, might I exclaim—

“ In wonder’s name,
 “ How can ye meanly grov’ling bow the head
 “ To pieces of gilt gingerbread ?
 “ Fetch, carry, fawn, kneel, flatter, crawl, tell lies,
 “ To *please* the creature that ye should *despise* ?”

Tyrants, with all your pow’r and wide dominion,
 Ye arn’t a whit like God, in my opinion ;

Though *you* think otherwise, I do presume :
 Hot to the marrow with the *ruling* lust,
 Fancying your crouching subjects so much *dust*,
 Your *lofty selves* the mighty sweeping *broom*.

Open the warehouses of all your brains ;
Come, Sirs, turn out—let's see what each contains :

Heav'ns, how ridiculous ! what motley stuff !

Shut, quickly shut again the brazen doors ;

Too much of balderdash the eye explores ;

Yes, shut them, shut them, we have seen enough.

Are *these* the *Beings* to bestride a world ?

To *such* sad beasts, has God his creatures hurl'd ?

Men want not *Tyrants*—overbearing knaves ;

Despots that wish to rule a realm of *slaves* ;

Proud to be gaz'd at by a *reptile* race :

Charm'd with the music of their clanking chains,

Pleas'd with the fog of STATE that clouds their brains,

Who cry, with all the impudence of face,

L

“ Behold

- “ Behold your Gods !—down, rascals, on your knees ;
 “ Your money, miscreants—quick, no words, no strife ;
 “ Your lands too, scoundrels, vermin, lice, bugs, fleas ;
 “ And thank our mercy that allows you *life* !”

Thus speak the HIGHWAYMEN in purple pride,
 On *Slavery*’s poor gall’d back so wont to ride.

Who would not laugh to see a TAYLOR bow

Submissive to a pair of satin breeches ?

Saying, “ O Breeches, all men must allow

“ There’s something in your aspect that bewitches !

“ Let me admire you, Breeches, crown’d with glory ;

“ And though *I made* you, let me still *adore* ye :

“ Though a Rump’s humble servant, form’d for need,

“ To keep it warm, yet, Lord ! you are so fine,

“ I cannot think you are my work indeed—

“ Though merely mortal, lo, ye seem divine !”

Who would not quick exclaim, "The TAYLOR's mad!"

Yet Tyrant-adoration is as bad.

See! CRISPIN makes a pair of handsome shoes,

Silk and bespangled, such as ladies use—

Suppose the shoes so proud, upon each heel,

Perk it in Crispin's face, with faucy pride,

And all the meanness of his trade deride,

And all the state of self-importance feel;

Tell him the distance between *them* and *him*,

CRISPIN would quickly cry, "A pretty whim!

"Confound your little bodies, though so fine,

"Is not the silk and spangles that ye boast,

"Put on you at *my* proper cost?

"Whatever's on ye, is it not all *mine*?

"Did not I put you *thus* together, pray?"

What could the simple shoes in answer say?

There

There too are *some* (thank Heav'n they do not *swarm*),
Who deem it *foul* to stay a TYRANT's arm,

That falls with fate upon their humble skulls :
Some for a DESPOT's rod have heav'd the sigh !—

Let *such* on wiser ÆSOP cast an eye,

And read the fable of the *Frogs*, the fools.

The FROGS and JUPITER.

'THE FROGS, so happy 'midst their peaceful pond,
Of *Emp'rors* grew at once extremely fond ;

Yes, yes, an *Emp'ror* was a *glorious thing* ;
Each really took it in his addle pate,

'Twould be so *charming* to exchange their state !

An *Emp'ror* would *such* heaps of blisses bring !

Sudden out hopp'd the NATION on the grass,
Frog-man and yellow wife, and youth and lass,

A nu-

A numerous tribe, to knuckle down to Jove,
And pray the God to send an *Emp'ror* down,
'Twas such a pretty thing, th' IMPERIAL CROWN !
So form'd their pleasures, honours, to improve.

Forth from his old blue *weather-box*, the SKIES,
Jove briskly stepp'd, with two wide-wond'ring eyes :
“ MYNHEERS,” quoth Jove, “ if ye are wise, be quiet :
“ Know when you're happy ”—but he preach'd in vain ;
They made the most abominable riot ;
“ An Emp'ror, Emp'ror, yes, we *must* obtain.”

“ Well, *take* one,” cry'd the God, and down he swopp'd
A monstrous piece of wood, from whence he chopp'd
Kings for the Gentlefolk of ancient days :
Stunn'd at the sound, the frogs all shook with dread ;
Like dabchicks, under water push'd each head,
Afraid a single nose so pale to raise.

At length *one* stole a peep, and then a *second*,
Who, flily winking to a *third* frog, beckon'd ;

And so on, till they all obtain'd a peep ;
Now nearer, nearer edging on they drew,
And finding nothing terrible, nor new,

Bold on his MAJESTY began to *leap* :

Such hopping this way, that way, off and on !
Such croaking, laughing, ridiculing fun !

In short, so very shameless were they grown ;
So much of grace and manners did they lack,
One little villain saucily squat down,
And, with a grin, defil'd the ROYAL BACK.

Now unto JOVE they, kneeling, pray'd again,

“ O JUPITER, this is so sad a beast,

“ So *dull* a Monarch—so devoid of brain !

“ Give us a king of *spirit*, JOVE, *at least*.”

The God comply'd, and sent them EMP'ROK STORK,
 Who with his loving subjects went to work ;
 Chas'd the poor sprawling imps from pool to pool,
 Resolv'd to get a handsome belly full.

Now gasping, wedg'd within his iron beak,
 Did wriggling scores most lamentably squeak :
 Bold push'd the EMP'ROK on, with stride so noble,
Bolting his subjects with majestic gobble.

Again the croaking Tribes began to pray,
 'Midst hoppings, scramblings, murder, and dismay :

" O save us, JOVE, from this inhuman TURK !

" O save us from this Imp of Hell !"

" MYNHEERS," quoth JOVE, " pray keep your *Emp'ror*

STORK—

" Fools never know when they are *well*."

ODE.

O D E.

PETER *giveth a gentle trimming to the jackets of foreign* POTENTATES;
and a pair of pretty Fables, by way of looking-glasses, for their MOST
 HIGH HAUGHTINESSES.

EMP'RORS, and POPES, and NABOBS, *mighty things,*

I think, too, we may take in foreign KINGS,

Too often deem their HUMBLE MAKERS, *Slaves* ;

Now such high *Folk* are either fools or knaves,

Or *both* together probably—a case

That happens frequently amongst the *Race*.

Methinks now, this is scandalous—'tis hateful—

Wicked, and, what is full as bad, ungrateful.

The GREAT of many a Continent and Isle,

Enough to make the fourest Cynic smile,

Or, as the proverb says, "*make a dog laugh,*"
 Think honours from *themselves* arise alone;
 Thus are their MAKERS at a *distance* thrown,
 Consider'd as mere mob, mere dirt, mere chaff.

The following Fables then will let them know
 What to *us riffraff* of the world they owe.

The DIAMOND PIN, and the FARTHING CANDLE.

A FABLE.

UPON a Lady's toilet, full of lustre,
 A Di'mond PIN one night began to bluster:
 Full of conceit, like some young flirting girl,
 Her senses lost in VANITY's wild whirl:

Highly disgusted at a Farthing Candle,
 Left by the LADY of the *broom*,
 Nam'd SUSAN, slipp'd into another room,
Something of consequence to handle—

N

"You

“ You nasty tallow thing,” exclaim’d Miss PIN,

“ Pray keep your distance—don’t stay here, and wink ;

“ I loath ye—you and all your greasy kin—

“ Good heav’ns ! how horribly you look and stink !”

“ Good Lord ! Miss PIN,” Miss CANDLE quick reply’d,

“ Soften a little that ungrateful pride :

“ You *shine* indeed—to this I must agree :

“ Yes, *Miss*, you make a very pretty blaze,

“ But let me tell ye, that your wond’rous rays

“ Owe all their boasted brilliancy to *Me*.”

“ How ! *Madam* IMPUDENCE !” rejoin’d Miss PIN,

First with a frown, and then a scornful grin ;

“ I should not sure have dreamt of *that*,

“ Miss FAT !”

“ SUSAN,” Miss CANDLE bawl’d, “ SUSAN, come here ;

“ Such saucy language I’ll no longer bear :

SUSAN,

“ SUSAN, come, satisfy the *Lady's* doubt—

“ Take me away, I say, or blow me out.”

SUSAN, who, lift'ning, heard the great dispute,

By no means could refuse Miss CANDLE's suit ;

So into darkness SUSAN blew her beam :

“ *Now,*” with a sharp sarcastic sneer,

“ *Now,*” quoth Miss CANDLE, “ *now,* my dear,

“ Where is of radiance *now* your boasted stream ?

“ Where are your keen and fascinating rays,

“ Ten thousand of them—such a mighty blaze ?”

Miss DI'MOND star'd, and star'd, and star'd again,

To find departed radiance, but in *vain*.

Quite vanish'd ! not a single ray display'd !

Each sparkle swallow'd in the depth of shade !

Alter'd,

Alter'd, quite alter'd, sadly disappointed,

The bones of her high pride disjointed,

“ I fear,” quoth PIN, “ I much mistake my nature.”

“ True,” answer'd CANDLE, “ true, my dear Miss PIN,

“ Lift not, in future, *quite so high*, your chin,

“ But show some rev'rence for your BLAZE-CREATOR.”

The SUN, and the PEACOCK.

A FABLE.

A PEACOCK, mounted on a barn one day,

Blest with a *quantum sufficit* of pride,

All consequence amid the solar ray,

Spread with a strut his circling plumage wide.

“ Good morrow (quoth the Coxcomb) MASTER SUN ;

“ Your brassy face has greatly been admir'd—

“ Now pray, SOL, answer me—I’m not in fun—

“ What is there in it to be so desir’d ?

“ If I have any eyes to see,

“ And, that I have, is clear to *me*,

“ My *tail* possesses far more splendid grace,

“ By far more beauty than your WORSHIP’s *face*.”

The SUN look’d down with smiles upon the fowl,

Supposing it at first an owl ;

And thus with gravity reply’d, “ Sir, know

“ That though unluckily my *Worship’s face*

“ Seems far beneath your *tail* in splendid grace,

“ Still to *my face that glitt’ring tail* you owe.”

“ Poh ! (quoth the Peacock) Master SUN,

“ Your *Highness* loves a bit of *fun*.”

O

“ I beg

“ I beg your pardon,” answer’d Sol again—

“ And, if you please, I’ll condescend to show

“ How much to *me*, you ev’ry moment owe

“ The boasted beauties of your waving train.”

“ Agreed, with all my soul,” the Bird reply’d,

In all the full-blown insolence of pride ;

“ To credit such a tale I’m not the noddy :

“ Prove that the glorious plumage I display

“ Owes all its happy colours to thy ray,

“ D-m’me I’ll tear my feathers from my body.”

The challeng’d SUN in clouds withdrew

His flaming beams from ev’ry view ;

And o’er the world a depth of darkness spread :

The bats their churches left, to wing the air,

The cocks and hens and cows began to stare,

And sulky went all supperless to bed ;

For not an Almanack had op'd its lips
About so very wond'rous an eclipse.

The Peacock too, amongst the rest
Of marv'ling fowl and staring beast,
Turn'd to his feathers with some doubt,
Amaz'd to find his hundred eyes put out ;
Indeed all nature now appear'd as black
As if old SOL had popp'd into a sack.

Pleas'd with his triumph, from a cloud,
The Sun, still hiding, call'd aloud,

“ Well ! can ye merit to *my face* allow ?

“ What's now your colour ? where your hundred eyes ?

“ The mingled radiance of a thousand dies ?

“ Speak, Master PEACOCK, what's your colour now ?”

“ What colour !” quoth the Bird, as much ashamed.

As courtiers high, by loss of office tam'd—

“ To.

“ To own the truth, much-injur’d PHOEBUS, know,

“ I’m not one atom better than a *crow*.

“ I fee my folly—pity my poor train ;

“ And let thy goodness bid it shine again.”

TYRANTS of *eastern* realms, whose subjects’ noses,

Like a smith’s vice, your iron pow’r incloses ;

Who treat your people just like ~~dogs~~ or swine,

The meaning of my tale, can ye divine ?

If *not*, go try to *find* it, I beseech ye,

And do not let your angry SUBJECTS *teach* ye.

THE END.







